

Miscellany P O E M S,

Viz,

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| I. Remarks on the
Death of King
<i>Charles the II.</i> | V. Upon Ambition. |
| II. On the Suc-
cession of King
<i>James the II.</i> | VI. To the Univer-
sity of <i>Oxford.</i> |
| III. Upon Faith | VII. The Soul to a
Good Consci-
ence. |
| IV. Upon Patience. | VIII. The Soul to a
Bad Conscience. |

By JOHN WHITEHALL.

*—Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas, Hor.*

*London: Printed for T. Salusbury, at the Sign of the Temple near
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In memory of

Lionel de Jersey Howard

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April 14, 1931

I. Remarks on the
Death of King
Charles the II.
II. On the
Execution of King
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III. Up to the
IV. Up to the

By John...

Published by...

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Temple Gate, in Westgate Street.

To the HONOURABLE

Sir CHRISTOPHER BUCKLE, K^{nt}.

One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the
County of SUSSEX.

SIR,

I Durst not have presum'd to have
prefix'd so great a Name to such
mean *Poems*, had I not well experi-
enc'd the easine's of Your Nature, and
known it a far greater difficulty to me
to *err*, than to You *not to forgive*. Should
I attempt (an impossibility) to write
Your *Encomiums*, I should hazard the
second loss of Your Favour, since I
am certain that You are so far from
courting publick Respect and Fame,
that Your greatest Ambition is to live
and die in silence. But that will not,
cannot be; for your Virtues (more

Epistle Dedicatory.

powerfully than the Sun) dart their Beams even thro' the thickest Cloud, and Your very Name is *a compendious Chronicle of Honour*. There are but few Men who have not their *One particular Virtue*, but fewer (like You) have *All*. In *One* we find a *Meek Nature*, in *Another* *Valour*, in a *Third* and *Fourth* *Learning* and *Loyalty*; but in You *they are all conspicuous*: And it were less necessary than difficult to distinguish which *Virtue* is the most eminent. You need no greater *Heraulds* of Your *Glory* than *these*; however You have other *Blessings*, (indeed vast and real *Blessings*) Your happy *Off-spring*, who honour their *Extraction*, and are *living Monuments of their Religious Parents*. How then can You lie hid? You, whom even the late best and greatest *Monarch* of the *Earth* did so far observe,

Epistle Dedicatory.

as to point You out to no less a Dignity than the Guardianship of those two dearest Darlings of his Soul, Religion and Peace. Happy King, blest with so tender a *Servant*; happy *Servant*, under so gracious a *Monarch*: A Monarch, whose Graces, as they were still the Praise, Wonder, and Admiration of the general World, so of You in particular. Neither did You less *imitate* than *admire* them, and most especially his Mercy; which encourages me to present these *Poems* to Your Worship, begging both Your Acceptance and Patronage, under which I shall be able to withstand the sharpest Censure of the impartial Critick. How happy should I be, if *they* (like You) would weigh the disadvantages of my Learning! I cannot (like the Prophet) thrive so well

Epistle Dedicatory.

well with Pulse and Water, as *Princely Poets* do with delicious *Libraries*
αὐτὸν αὐτὸς ἐστὶν ἀνὸς πινεῖ I neither expect so
much, nor wish it. No, my greatest
hope is, That You would vouchsafe
me the acceptance of these Trifles,
and the utmost extent of my Ambition
is to acknowledge my self

Your Honours

most humble Servant,

John Whitehall.

Miscellaneous Poems,

*To the Honourable Magistracy of England,
Short Remarks on the Death of King
CHARLES II. and the happy Succes-
sion of King JAMES II.*

YE Wife, ye Great, ye Valiant Worthies, Hail!
Hail to the Gown and Sword!

True Friends and Servants of our breathless Lord
Why do ye look so drooping and so pale?

Why do ye start and tremble so?

Why do so many doubtful grow? (to do?

What more then what is done could we, with Heav'n
Peace to the Sacred Dust.---But wipe off Tears:

By this Mankind may see,
Death is impartial, frail Mortality,
And Monarchs have a limit to their Years.

B

II. Most

II.

Most wondrous was the Nature of his Death,

And the distinction of his Fate

Was marvellous and great,

When he resign'd his Breath.

Returns from Death are deny'd common men;

But when His summon'd Soul was on the wing,

He sojourn'd back agen

To give us all the blessings of a King:

Witness, y' Eternal Pow'rs above,

How tender was this Monarchs Love!

Who would awaken after his decease,

Of Immortality himself divest,

And break his Welcom, his Eternal Rest,

To bless the wav'ring Land with happy Peace.

III.

Be chearful then (Great Souls) let only such despair

Who do the Justice of their Monarch fear;

Such who can teach Rebellion with a Zeal,

Who inward motions of Sedition feel,

Who bless the *Halcyon*-days of Anarchy,

Who Plot, (but fruitless their Designs will be)

Both

Both to confound the King and Empire too,
 And the old *Chaos* of a Commonwealth renew :
 Let them despond this day to see,
 While Ye from Faction free
 Enjoy your old *Pindarique Liberty*,
 Whose Honours are engag'd thus much to do,
 To guard the King, whose Sacred Life's a Guard to
 (You.

I V.

In the imagination of the Crowd
Britain like *Daniel's* short-liv'd Leopard fell;
 And 'twould have pleas'd the Factionous Rabble well,
 Had Heav'n so much allow'd :
 Into a wild Confusion, they
 Would cast the shaken Nation ; in a Flood
 Of Royal Blood
 Design'd t'have wash'd the Crown away,
 And have brought Bondage in for Liberty,
 Might such things licens'd be,
 Might Art so much on Nature win,
 To extinguish fixed Stars, or to keep Meteors in:

V.

But lo! our Monarchs care,
 Who would not see the Empire ravish'd, and
 By our forc'd Mother stand,
 As though he unconcerned were :
 But when with an extreme immoderate heat
 He found the frantick world begin to burn & sweat,
 YOU, ye Noble Souls, he chose,
 Whose Loyalty should cancel those
 Who a Friends name did bear,
 Yet basely did design to play the Ravisher.

VI.

He did Himself (e're all was to Confusion hurl'd)
 From Faction the *Augæan* Stables clear ;
 While He the Crown did wear
 He calm'd the stormy world.
 Seditious Waves did cease to roar ;
Fanatics and his Passions he had tam'd so well,
 'Twas difficult for either to Rebell :
 His *Justice* conquer'd many, but his *Mercy* more.

VII. He

VII.

He sleeps : however ballance Grief with Joy,
For Providence designs not to destroy,
But the succeeding Prophet Heaven will
With the dead Prophet's Spirit doubled fill,
And here's *Elisha* for *Elijah* still.
How great the Wound? how healing was the Balm?
How fierce the Storm? how timely was the calm?
What two extreams of Joy and Grief we find?
As this weighs down, so that supports Mankind:

VIII.

With this well season'd Act of Providence
'Tis easy to dispence,
Britain may bear it with an even sence.
Propitious Heav'n hath been wondrous kind,
And hath great Blessings for the Land design'd,
To take the best of Kings, & leave the best behind.
Oh happy, mourning Isle,
Which hast an equal cause to weep and smile,
Had not this humbling grief been here allow'd,
Excess of Joy would have made *Britain* proud,

But

But it was mingled well, (fell:
How great a Monarch rose? how great a Monarch

IX.

Happy Succession! He who th' Crown doth wear
Is more than barely of the Kingdoms Heir,
His Brother's Majesties were all his due,
Honours to his vast Soul no limits are,
He will Inherit all his Vertues too:
Peace and Religion Darlings of the Dead,
His dearest best-twin Favourites shall find
This Monarch (like his Promise) merciful and kind,
By him they'll be (as his own Off-spring) nourished.

This fresh Addition to our Triumph brings,
And makes me here engage *Whitehall* shall be
the KING'S.

Faith.

F A I T H

I.
What is this Faith, of which so little can
 Work Miracles beyond the Faith of Man?
 Which can destroy and save;
 Substance of things we hope to have;
 By which strong Devils have ejected been:
 The evidence of things unseen.
 Which seems it self to be
 Almighty as the Deity:
 By which we know, our Maker's word gave birth
 Both to the Heav'ns, the Seas and Earth,
 His *Fiat* brought this Fabrick forth.
 II.
 It is the Soul and Wings of Prayer,
 Which makes it swift as a Post Angel fly
 The Ambassage to bear,
 It pierces the Almighty's Ear,
 And allows God no power to deny.

Like

Like *Jacob* it will plead, and not in vain,
But wrestle till it doth the Blessing gain,

While *Saul* (a Stranger unto it)
Complains, and prays, and finds no benefit ;
His heavy Prayer could not Heav'n find ;
Alas! he left his Guide, his *Faith* behind.

III.

With It what Miracles did *Moses* do ?

It wonderfully did the Seas divide,
And fabricated Waves on either side,
While *Israel* passed through.

It smote the Chrystal Flood,
And chang'd the Waters into Blood.

It did the Plagues on *Aegypt* bring :
It smote the barren Rock, & made the Waters spring:

It did for *Joshua* like a Champion fight,
And Potent Kings were conquer'd by't.

What tho' *Goliath* did the Host despise ?

Defiance was no Victory.

He wanted *Faith*, but well-arm'd *David* knew
The naked Giant could but little do.

IV. Through

V.

Through It the half-dead *Sarah* did Conceive,
 She did th' Almighty Promiser believe;
 By It her barren Womb made fruitful, bears
 A mighty Harvest in the Winter of her Years.
 It cool'd the Furnace, and the wrathful fire
 From *Azarias* did retire;
 Though sev'n times hotter it had heated been,
 It was extinguish'd quite by pow'rful *Faith* within:
 The lambent flames about did harmless glide,
 Though violent they did appear,
 (As those which did th' Almighty hide,
 When in the *Flaming-Bush* he did to *Moses* come.)
 Yet innocent they were,
 They had no power to consume;
 For why! the Mighty Angel *Faith* was there.

V.

It did the Lions wrath command,
 The half-starv'd Beast aloof did stand:
 It stood amaz'd,
 And on the Prophet gaz'd,
 Bound at a distance by *Faith's* secret hand.

C

The

Miscellaneous Poems.

The raging Seas are hush'd by it,
 The storming Winds submit,
 Their fury they
 Aside do lay,
 The angry Billows sleep,
 And the fierce Waves are bury'd in the Deep;
 Nature it self this Monarch doth obey;
 He stopt the Sun in'ts full career,
 Charg'd it on *Gibeon* to stay,
 His words were Chains, and bound it there,
 It could not tow'ds the *West* advance;
 So great's his Power ev'ry where, (dance.
 His tuneful Voice will make the gouty Mountains

V I.

To conqu'ring Death all flesh must tribute pay,
 Yet Death it self this Monarch doth obey,
 The Manacles of Tyrant Fate he breaks:
 Death strives in vain
 The captiv'd Body to retain;
 If He the *Surge* speaks,
 The Dead a Strength and Liberty shall have
 To burst the Fetters of the Grave.

By

By this was *Enoch* unto Heaven born,
 He the old Road of dull Mortality did scorn;
 Though difficult the Voyage seem'd to be,
 Yet *Faithful* He
 The Straits and Land of Death did never see.
Elijah in this fiery Coach did ride,
 His Faith the unattempted Whirlwind try'd;
 He mounted, and through tractless Air did flie,
 Travelling upwards to *Eternity*.

P A T I E N C E

HOW fretful is Mankind, and vain!
 He'l bay at Heaven, and complain,
 And grumble for fair Weather, or for Rain.
 Alas! he is insensible and blind,
 And cannot view the good which *Providence* design'd:
 His life's uneasy, and with murm'ring fill'd,
 He is with Summer scorch'd, and with cold Winter
 chill'd.

He

He cannot live where crosses are :
 Should he with cursing *Shineth* betry'd, blo
 He neither could the Language bear,
 Nor th' ignominious reproachful Stones abide.

II.

Man sees not as his Maker sees,
 But wrangles still with Providence,
 And beareth no affliction with an even sense ;
 But with impatience doth corrupt his ease ;
 'Tis difficult his squeamish Soul to please ;
 To bear th' afflicting Rod he doth not know ;
 Alas ! he'l either stupid grow,
 Or with despairing die ;
 Between th' Extremes he cannot lie ;
 He'l either madly soar too high,
 Or desperately plunge his laden Soul too low.

III.

But *Patience* doth enthron'd in Ashes sit ;
 Her Substance wasted, Children dead,
 Friendship retir'd, and Pity fled, (it
 Yet she the Potheard takes, and scrapes her Biles with
 The Pomp of Death, and Funeral Obsequies,

Do

Do not her stedfast heart surprize :
 Though with increasing pain she's prov'd,
 Her Anchor's fix'd, she will not now be mov'd :
 In vain the Devil doth the storm foment,
 In vain fresh Legions of Plagues are sent,
 In vain they all temptations try,
 She will not curse her God and die.

IV.

She knows that Heav'n relieving succours hath,
 She knows its Mercy's sure,
 'Tis infinite, and will endure,
 She knows, and pleads with mighty Faith ;
 She waits, and strives with God, yet is not bold.
 Like the impatient sullen *Israelites* of old.
 The frailty of the flesh she doth expand ;
 She weeps, yet sheds no hopeless Tears,
 She sighs till the Almighty hears,
 And is ascertain'd yet to enjoy the promis'd Land.

V.

Monster Affliction may appear
 In any shape, yet not astonish her.

So

So quick and piercing is her Eye,
 In Iron Bonds she can behold
 More Honour than in Chains of Gold,
 And in a Dungeon can a glorious Crown descry:
 Let Storms roar loud, and Tempests roul,
 Let batt'ring Waves against her flie,
 They shall not move her well-fix'd Soul,
 They cannot do the Vessel wrong;
 Her Faith hath made her wondrous strong,
 And *Lord thy will be done*, is still her strengthing Song.

V I.

Lead her to Flames, and shew her Martyrdom,
 She will no scruples make,
 Nor tremble like the Fire to which she's come,
 But cast a lovely smile, and kiss the welcom Stake.
 What values she

Which road she sojourn to Eternity?
 She with submission lives, and with submission dies
 Begging th'acceptance of her self, the Sacrifice,
 And shaking off Mortality,
 Like th'Angel which to *Manoah* came
 Ascends to Heav'n in a Coach of Flame.

Am-

AMBITION

I.

WHat is it that vain man affects to be?
Of nothing he was made, yet he
Swells big to reach the title of Deity.

He will forbidden methods try:
Through unattempted ways he'll flie:
His restless Soul aims still to rise up higher,
He will above Mortality aspire,
Let loose the Reigns, and lash the Horses on,
Artless he'll drive the Chariot of the Sun,
Though half the World with his *Ambitious self expire*.

II.

This Evil's Epidemical;
I'th' State Ecclesiastical
Most covet Dignity,
Inferiour Priests would Bishops be;
The Countrey-Curate in the Pulpit lowd
Preaches cramp words to the illit'rate Crowd,

Judge.

Judges his Doctrine admirable, and grows proud,
 Begins so small a Benefice to scorn,
 And thinks he is to greater Honours born;
 Throws by his Linsey-woolsey Gown,
 One of prodigious Parts he's grown,
 And aims at least to be
 Chaplain in Ord'nary
 Unto his Majesty;
 He thinks all Arts and Languages his own.
 Thus he forgets how small he was at first,
 And swells, like *Æsop's* Frog, until he burst.

III.

Thus watchful Students do embrace
 All Arts and Sciences,
 They Nature in her dark recesses trace,
 Till they're familiar with her Mysteries:
 From the *Alphabet* to *Lilly* they ascend,
 Nor will they with great *Aristotle* end:
 They will, a further progress go,
 Ambitious still to double what they know,
 Till they're acquainted with the various worlds above,
 Know how the great and lesser Lights do move,

Till

Till they're so intimate with ev'ry Star,
That each one hath its name particular,
Till mighty *Plutarch's* Knowledge they contemn,
And the wise *Stagyrite's* an *Afs* compar'd to *Them*.

IV.

The common Souldier would Lieutenant be,
Then Captain, and would yet rise higher,
And to the Generals Dignity
Is eager to aspire ;
From thence, of greater Honours he takes view,
And will the Title of a Crown pursue ;
He'll plead the merit of his Sword in War,
His Wounds, and loss of Blood,
And his ambitious thoughts so headstrong are,
They will not be withstood ;
He will the Honours of a Monarch bear,
Nor rests his boundless Spirit there,
Still Crown to Crown, like Mountains, he will add,
One Kingdom on another cast,
Have that ambition which th'old Giants had,
And will besiege the *Mansions* of the Gods at last.
How foolish was *Empedocles*, and desperate !

D

Who

Who unastonish'd at the sight of Fate,
 Left the *old common Road*, (been trod,
 Travell'd to Death through Flames which never had
 And damn'd himself with hopes *to be esteem'd a God.*

V.

What are these *Worlds of Honour* worth,
 That we are all thus eager to come forth?
Pharez and Zarah like, still striving for the Birth?
 From Earths maternal Tomb,
 To the Earths fruitful Womb,
 Man doth return, and undistinguish'd lies,
Beggars and Kings, the Foolish and the Wise,
Valiant and Weak, the Great and Small,
 By the impartial hand of *Death* together fall:
 And yet man vainly tries
 To be exceeding Valiant or Great,
 Like *Adam* in his wisest, happiest state,
 Serpent *Ambition* tempts him to be still more wise.
 Thus fell the mighty *Lucifer* of old,
 To equal his Creator he was bold;
 Ambition first did prompt him to *Rebell*,
 Which pleas'd the Sp'rit so well,
 That since from Heav'n he fell,
 He triumphs to be known the greatest One in Hell.

To

To the University of Oxford.

Hail!
All Hail!

Masters of Sacred Sciences,
Fathers of Arts and Languages,
Ye who both Men and Things do know,
Who've traced old coy Nature so,
That y're acquainted with her Mysteries,
Both things above, and things below,
From th'inehausted Womb of your most fertile brain
(With half a Parents pain)

Noble Off-springs do proceed,
In which the Mothers Beauty we may read;
Each fruitful day produces some great Birth,
Your *Fiat* makes new Worlds of Learning to jump

II. (forth.
Thrice have I view'd, thrice wish'd to sojourn in this
In which doth stand (Land,

The unforbidden Tree of Knowledge; Thrice
Have begg'd to tast the fruit of this sweet *Paradise*,
Which (tho' by Nature Man imperfect be,
Yet) by a mystick Chymistry

Improves the Soul with so much odds,
That Mortals seem Immortal as the Gods.

O that I might possess

So great an happiness!

So faithfully I love, might I enjoy the state,
I could thrice *Jacob's* time for such a *Rachel* wait.

III.

Your Sciences I at a distance view,
I hear of Arts, and I believe them true,
But what they are I never knew :
Thus of the Deity the *Heathens* have
Some glimpse, but yet not know enough to save.

Philosophy, Astrology,

Divinity, and Chymistry,

Are glorious things, but all unknown to me.

Thus from afar

We view the Sun, the Moon, and Star,
That they are shining Bodies we discern,
But cannot their true Magnitude nor Lustre learn.

IV.

I sue, and with no common Zeal I sue,
To gather Learnings *Manna* here with You :

O that I could but write

Sweet as the *Mantuan Swan*, or mighty *Stagyrite* !

My lab'ring Muse

Should the full strength of ev'ry *finew* use ;

I would not strive in vain,
But wrestle till I did the Blessing gain;
A pow'rful *Verse* might favour find,
And importunity might make some *Angel* kind.

II.

With vain ambition round the World I roul,
In vain I travel far
From Pole to Pole,
To seek where *Riches* and *Preferments* are;
In vain I after Honours go:
Alas! too well I know,
Those Heav'ns are shut, there is no entrance there;
Till I'm a Member made by being baptiz'd here.
If in this *Styx* I might but dipped be,
I should from dang'rous *Ignorance* be free,
And share of *Immortality*:
But now the World refuses me, among the Crowd:
I cannot be allow'd,
Like Mettal when the Corn is bafe,
They will not let me pass.
Had I your Stamp, might I be Capp'd & Gown'd,
I then might pass the Universe around.

The:

The Soul, to a good Conscience.

I.

WElcom ! thrice welcom, Sacred Guest !
 Thou *Peace of Life*, thou *Balm of Death*,
 Thou Harbinger of an Eternal Rest,

How beaut'ous is thy Face ! how fragrant is thy
Gabriel which to *Mary* did appear. (Breath !
 The tidings of Eternal Peace did bring ;
 So Thou *All hail ! All hail !* dost sing,
 And fill'st me with a *Joy*, but not a *Fear*.

Thus *Gideon*, *Peter*, *Paul*,
 Convers'd with Sp'rits Angelical ;

Yet Thou to me
 Dost seem to be

The lovli'st Cherub of them all.

II.

Continue here this night, and be my Guest,
 Thou shalt not now depart,

Take up thy Lodging in my humble heart,
 Like *Lor* I will prepare my Feast,

I will

I will my Guardian-Angel feed
 With the unleavened Bread
 Of *Virtue* and of *Holiness*,
 And not the Leaven of the *Pharisees*:
 Oh tarry then this tedious Night,
 Until the Dawn of long Eternity!
 Thou only canst me free
 From the oppressing *Sodomite*,
 And in the last Eternal Day,
 When sinful *Sodom's* ready to expire,
 'Tis only *Thou* canst lead me safe away,
 From incens'd Heavens wrath, and the impartial Fire:

III.

Oh bold and noble Champion! who
 Joyn'd to thy Sister *Faith* such Miracles canst do,
 Who canst undaunted unto Prisons come,
 Canst view the Flames, and smile on Martyrdom,
 Who canst, like *Paul*, unconquer'd bear
 Insulting Fates worst Tyranny,
 And dost enjoy the greatest Liberty
 Then when the flesh does Fetters wear,
 Who hourly dost thy strength renew,

And!

And unconcern'd dost all commotions view :
 The Earthquake might
 The unconverted Jaylet much affright,
 But thou art stedfast, fix'd, and not astonish'd by't.

IV.

Thy flaming Sword thou brandishest about,
 To keep Pollution out;
 Th'incestuous Strumpet could not move
 Thee with illicit Love;
 The heart of *Joseph* thou didst guard,
 And the Adulteress thence was barr'd,
 Oh beautiful *Susanna* ! much in vain
 The lustful Elders strove to gain
 A conquest o'r thy Modesty and Fame,
 To prostitute thy Honour and thy Name;
 Tho' Malice did its fruitlets self dilate
 Thou didst not tremble at the menaces of Fate ;
 If *Daniel* had not risen there
 To make thy Innocence appear,
 With *Shadrach* thou wouldst chuse in flames t'ave bin,
 Rather than stain thy soul with the detested sin, (griev'd,
 With welcome Death thou wouldst not have been
 But triumpht to have seen the Debauchees deceiv'd.

V. The

V.

The mighty Thunders speak aloud,
 And on the Mount descends a thick dark Cloud;
 The sounding Trumpets rend the Sky,
 And pointed Lightnings round the World do flie;
 Sinai smokes, for God is there,
 The trembling Mountains do their Monarch own
 Oh then! Oh who (and fear.
 Before Him dares appear!
 Good conscience thou like *Moses* this canst do,
 Before th' Almighty thou canst go;
 Thou canst the holy Mount ascend,
 Talk face to face with God, as with thy Friend,
 While viler Souls astonish'd stand below,
 They see the Lightning, and hear Thunder roar,
 Yet for the *Living God*, the *Golden Calf* adore.

The Soul, to a bad Conscience.

W Hence art thou, thou eternal Pain,
 Thou restless Plague, thou stalking Shade,

E

Terrible

Terrible Shadow, by Reflection made,

I charge thee hence again :

Why dost thou pinch, and rack, and lash me so ?

I do conjure thee let me go ;

I'll fet my self from all thy tortures free,

Thou fancy'd Devil I will stifle thee,

And triumph in my liberty ;

I am not into such a weakness brought,

But I am able sure to grapple with a *thought*.

II.

In *Bacchanalean* Feasts I'll drown thy Rage,

The Royal Courts thy fury may assuage,

The Sports and Sweets of Love

May thee remove ;

If not, I'll travel far

Into some Land beyond thy vast extent,

And tell the deceiv'd World I'm innocent ;

If thou pursue me there, and break my Peace,

If there thy rage increase,

Like *Pharaoh*, I will hardned be

As Plagues augment on me ;

I'll unattempted Evils try,
Jesuits shall be more Innocent than I,
 I will excell in wickedness, and matchless die.
 I'll cast my self upon sins spacious Main,
 And sail where yet no *Nero* e'r hath been,
 Into strange worlds of unknown sin,
 And never feel the qualms of *Conscience* again.
 I'll chain thee in some cavern of the Earth,
 And if my wandring thoughts should err astray,
 If they meet Heav'n or Virtue in the way,
 Do not attempt to enter forth,
 For if thou dost, I'll choak thee in thy birth.

Why follows *Cæsar* guilty *Brutus* still?
 Why dost so oft appear,
 To charge me with a well-remembered ill?
 Thou sinkest there,
 And risest here,
 I flie from thee in vain,
 Who wilt not suffer me one minutes peace to gain;
 With friendly night wrap up that wounded breast,
Brutus his wound gapes wider than the rest.
 Sink, sink, thou Shade, ten thousand fathom deep,
 Be bury'd in Eternal Sleep;
 Oh do not still pursue me, restless *Ghost*!
 Hence thou Tormentor, hence;
 Alas! in thee I've lost
 The Sacred Peace of Maiden Innocence,

And

And here like *Cain* and *Judas* I do trembling stand,
Astonish'd at the action of my too rash hand.

I thought that charming *David's* tuneful Lyre,
Touch'd with his skilful hand,

Might thee command,

And urge thy evil Spirit to retire.

But now (alas!) I see

How vain all these attempts would be;

Contagious Wickedness is thy Disease,

Too long thou hast incens'd been

With loathsome, rank, deformed sin,

And none but Christ thy Fever can appease.

I've tasted the forbidden Tree,

And by the bold presumptuous Vice

Have made an Hell of Paradise,

And from thy presence vainly strive to flee,

And cannot hide my guilty self from God and Thee.

I'll kneel in Sackcloth, and I'll humbly pray,

That with the precious Flood

Of Christ's most meritorious Blood,

He'll wash my sins away;

I shall no longer then thy stings abide,

But them, together with my sins, I'll hide

In my dear Saviour's wounded Side.

F I N I S

